

1929

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Tavistock Square,

W.C.1.

Telephone : Museum 2621

20th March

Dearest,

Many thanks for all your good kind acts. I will do anything here you want done — as I meant to say before, & now there is no time for you to ask me: except for Sanitary towels, which I will bring in sooner. Mightn't we go some day to be coming to the time of life? At Gumbo has already they say. But you & I hang on; & so does Molly: a sign doubtless of a rich temper. I shall ask Nan what her state is. Doubtless never had a time at all.

I am a top too to see you & the home. I shall be very envious I suppose: you will have lovely pots & dishes & chairs. One day I must spend rummaging for things, as we might easily take a few tables & beds home on top of the Luger. Already everything is rather chaotic, & people huddle. Ka & Roger dining here tonight, which he says is my devilry; but I owned up to Ka in asking him. And then Will comes in, which is, Roger says, so cruel an implication that

8/a ✓

if it weren't for love of me he couldn't come. And Helen is
coming in, & Morgan, & after that thank God, I shall
have no more people. I rather wish Carrie were only
to be for a Duncan. Not that I have a word against
Clive or Stan: but you know what one gets with talk
talk — & never hear Clive been in such a state of
Lougha City. I haven't seen so much of him since the year
10. Bobo seems milder to rule him, but he is, as
you will see, very wild & queer, & has ran amok in
the Bean Mound again, & carried drunk guardsmen to
bed from Great houses in Grosvenor Square. You'll
hear the story, so I say no more. But not a
word of Mary.

Angus has some hopes of Arthur too who has offered to see
him. Also your old friend the man I call Benwick —
but that's not his name — is leaving Devere; so
he may try there. I shall be glad to be put off all.
It is not agreeable, his going, & Mr. Cartwright putting
him but just forward so vigorously one has no one.
None cut off every time one speaks.

had a Bloomsbury meeting on Sunday at Clive, &
did our best, but agreed that it was useless without
you. We tried to make you speak, & invented

your opinion of Queen Victoria's letters: but no.
Dolphin is mimable, & life is dull & ashes without her.
Then imagine long for Duncan's society. But

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He thought that you don't particularly long for us.
 I hope you will have your settlement with Elvira. I can't
 see how he can have his daimler & his other parties &
 not increase your money. I see that London
 is very complicated. But wouldn't Cassis prefer to
 rather menotrouver? I should die - if you left for
 ever. But that's a mere bagatelle I agree.
 I can't help thinking that Law Jage is only a threat.
 Think it's all very gloomy & unsettling. But
 I can't understand the money difficulty - judging
 from Elvira's own state.

Ka says she is doing her best to let 37.
 I think she is well placed for that sort of thing. She
 moves among the dull & the rich who talk of
 houses perpetually.
 to lunch - but we did not face it. Mr.
 Dominice Spring Rice has run away with
 Mr. Michelson, a Mr. Francis Meynell
 have parted: all this means nothing to me, or to you,
 I dare say. But I am scrubbing in haste, & so am
 very dull. I must drop, or wash, that's the truth;

813^v

L. Roger will be meeting a ka suburban, a will intolerable.
What an evening. why did I venture it?

The Michelin map has come; I meant the
Guide; but we have now borrowed one.

This will be my last letter. We
think of coming home through Tarascon, second
reys: couldn't you go back with us to
meet us somewhere else?

But I will ^{NYPL} get him to send you a
line about our route before we start.
His style rather unrelaxed.

Do try to meet us somewhere.

YJB

15250

Manks House, Sunday. 25th March

Dearest,

We are perching here before starting tomorrow. We are just off to test the car by driving to Pye; everybody is full of gloomy prognostications, & says we shall break down. If we are both killed simultaneously, please remember that I have you all my possessions, - land, house, gold, silver, stocks, jewels, books, carpets: Pinker is to go to Olive; who will I know, cherish her for my sake.

Really I am waiting for Leonard to come in - from the garden with Percy & tell me our route, which is now finally settled. But they

80a^v

have got talking about the cesspool which is
full up. & must be emptied in to the
vegetable bed with a bucket. Perhaps
you might meet us somewhere, if the
old Chen's bonnet is once more on its
legs.

Did I tell you about Noel Coward?
He is in search of culture, & ~~is~~ thinks
Bloomington a kind of place of
pilgrimage. Will you come &
meet him? He is a miracle, a
prodigy. He can sing, dance,
write-plays, act, compose,
& dare say paint. He rescued a his
whole family who kept
boarding houses in suburbia, &
they are now affluent, but in the
 verge of bankruptcy, because he
thinks so much on cock tails.
If he could only become like Bloomington
he thinks he might be saved. But

80b^v

2

I want ask you to meet him, when you swear
to come back by the 14th May at
latest. You can't neglect Angelica's
education: like the — my most promising niece.
Here's demand: here's the list.

On Friday 30th ^{stop} at Lyon.

Sat. 31st stop at ~~Vienne~~
Mantelimar

Sun. 1st stop at. Aix

Our route with the,

Tournus

Lyon.

Vienne.

Valence

Mantelimar

Orange.

Carpentras.

Carailhon.

Orgon.

Aix

Canis.

But this is at the mercy of the Gods of
Course.

I am very excited, partly at the
thought of seeing you again. I am like
a sea anemone which has had to
keep all its tentacles curled up, -
when its put in water (i.e. Dolphin)
they come out & wave & tremble &
are of an exquisite & incredible
beauty. But Lord! Dolphins
belly: or the Squirts as it is - Dolphins
can be defended on for more than 2
seconds - Dolphins a heartless brute,
but nothing to Duncan, whose heart
made a parent's funeral - hard,
proud, beautiful, unmelting. He
had, I thought, a mighty painful
working with Angus, (who seems
to think he's coming to Paris)
They have been doing the accounts;
but sometimes they discover debts &

sometimes windfalls. all is complicated by the exact date; that is, whether they share or not. He is helpful, however, about Agnew, which is a mercy. Never will I have another young man as partner.

Are you drawing for Todd?
He is like a dog with a bleeding sack for a mouth. He paints badly. The whole of London does nothing but talk about bringing out magazines.

Have you done some pictures?
Do you love me?
Does Angelica?

Here is the finger.

I could only get 1/8 touch: but I find them abundant sufficiently
VW.

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go to the hospital & threaten to have the Law of Adrian. And then with Arnold Foster
inviting himself to dinner. *W.B.* Please tell me if you can throw light on this.

19th April. 1928.

77

Dearer

Here we are back again after the most adventurous, cold
journey you can imagine. Once we were marooned on the
top of a mountain pass in the snow. Once a runaway
horse mired us by two inches. Innumerable nails
stuck in our tyres. — But to business. Would you let your
rooms, or 3 of them, to some friends of Vita's, poor but
reputable, for £2.10 a week for a month from ^{next week} ~~now~~ or
the 1st of May? Details are a little vague as
they are in Germany, but if you would state your
terms & at least me a little latitude I expect I could
arrange something. I said I thought you would want
£3.3. I think they only want a bedroom, sitting room &
Kitchen.

Now I will just run over my first day here, not to
excite your envy, for really I wonder why one lives the way one
does when one might the way one doesn't — in the tower
at Fontenrose, for example, seeing the tip of Dolphin's & tail
once a week (For I should be strictly independent) But
to return: the telephone rings as I have my baby: Leonard
mother: well we go there: an hour or two at Orlando,
which is watched, & must be entirely & written in one month;
then out across a churchyard to look for a garage: & accosted by
two drab wandering women, distraught, robbing me Hope, who
cried that Jane was just dead & would we come to the funeral: how

have I seen anyone so mad, wild, frantic: & we kissed among the tomb:
(Cromwell's daughter is buried there, as perhaps you know - anyhow Duncan
would) so to the office; & there Raymond: just been flying; ~~so~~
may he come to tea: there a Mr called Namier: so home;
Lydia & Maynard: well we come to dinner; telephone; Vita;
may she come to tea next day; & so to bed. The net result is that
we're just off to Jones' funeral at Finchley & dine with the Keynes
to night. I think Duncan might fitly & gratefully write to H. H.

Private

I found an odd letter from Clive waiting me here. He
apologises for having been angry with me, but says that he found
I ~~had~~ been making merry at his expense, & that he couldn't
help bursting out. Though he should have been angry not with me,
but with the person who repeated my sayings. What can he
mean? Did you repeat anything? I shouldn't blame you; but on
the whole I suspect he read some of my letters ⁱⁿ the day we
went to Toulon. Lord, Lord! He says I ought to remember how
unhappy he has been. But when will the days of his
widowhood be over? Oughtn't he to remember how mad I
have been? And hasn't he forgotten the blue parakeet
entirely? And is this love? And would you or I forget
Duncan or Leonard in six months? And what's the
truth of life? — for I am convinced he lodged with you.

I came to a million conclusions about you, Duncan during my stay: ~~as~~
Happily for you I left with about 20 thousand questions unasked.
The few I managed to get spoken were more mixed bits. I should
like to write a book about Duncan. Are you the only person who is
really acquainted with him? intimately, profoundly? I dare say.
But now I must take out my black clothes & be off, in this
bitter cold. Write please instantly; & I will answer. I have a
thousand very interesting things to say. No news of Angus. Adrian away.
His dog has torn Alice's lip open & she had to

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